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THE
CONVERSATION.

A
T A L E.



L O N D O N:

Printed for JACOB TONSON, at *Shakespear's-Head*, over-
against *Katharine-Street* in the *Strand*. MDCCXX.

THE
CONVERSATION.

A
TALF.

LONDON.

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THE CONVERSATION.



I always has been thought discreet,
To know the Company You meet;
And sure there may be secret Danger,
In talking much before a Stranger.

Agreed: What then? Then drink your Ale:
I'll pledge You, and repeat my Tale.

No Matter where the Scene is fixt:
The Persons were but odly mixt;
When Sober DAMON thus began:
(And DAMON is a clever Man)
I now grow Old; but still, from Youth,
Have held for Modesty and Truth:

The

The Men who by these Sea-marks steer,
 In Life's great Voyage never Err:
 Upon this Point I dare defy
 The World: I pause for a Reply.

Sir, Either is a good Assistant:
 Said One who sat a little distant:
 Truth decks our Speeches and our Books;
 And Modesty adorns our Looks:
 But farther Progress We must take,
 Not only born to Look and Speak:
 The Man must Act. The STAGYRITE
 Says thus, and says extremely right:
 Strict Justice is the Sov'raign Guide,
 That o'er our Action shou'd preside:
 This Queen of Virtues is confest,
 To regulate and bind the rest.
 Thrice Happy, if You once can find
 Her equal Balance poize your Mind:
 All different Graces soon will enter,
 Like Lines concurrent to their Center.

'Twas thus, in short, these Two went on,
 With Yea and Nay, and Pro and Con,
 Thro' many Points divinely dark,
 And WATERLAND assaulting CLARK;

'Till

'Till, in Theology half lost,
 DAMON took up the Evening Post;
 Confounded SPAIN, compos'd the NORTH,
 And deep in Politics held forth.

Methinks We're in the like Condition,
 As at the TREATY of PARTITION:
 That Stroke, for All King WILLIAM's Care,
 Begat another Tedious War:
 MATTHEW, who knew the whole Intrigue,
 Ne'er much approv'd That Mystic League.
 In the vile UTRECHT TREATY too,
 Poor Man, He found enough to do:
 Sometimes to Me He did apply;
 But down-right Dunstable was I,
 And told Him, where They were mistaken;
 And counsell'd Him to save his Bacon:
 But (pass His Politics and Prose)
 I never herded with his Foes;
 Nay, in his Verses, as a Friend,
 I still found Something to commend:
 Sir, I excus'd his NUT-BROWN MAID;
 Whate'er severer Critics said:
 Too far, I own, the Girl was try'd:
 The Women All were on my Side.

For ALMA I return'd Him Thanks:
 I lik'd Her with her little Pranks:
 Indeed poor SOLOMON in Rhime
 Was much too grave to be Sublime.

PINDAR and DAMON scorn Transition:
 So on He ran a new Division;
 'Till out of Breath he turn'd to spit:
 (Chance often helps Us more than Wit)
 T'other that lucky Moment took,
 Just nick'd the Time, broke in, and spoke.

Of all the Gifts the Gods afford,
 (If we may take old TULLY's Word)
 The greatest is a Friend; whose Love
 Knows how to praise, and when reprove:
 From such a Treasure never part,
 But hang the Jewel on your Heart:
 And, pray, Sir (it delights Me) tell;
 You know this Author mighty well——
 Know Him! d'ye question it? Ods-fish!
 Sir, does a Beggar know his Dish?
 I lov'd Him, as I told You, I
 Advis'd Him——Here a Stander-by
 Twitch'd DAMON gently by the Cloak,
 And thus unwilling Silence broke:

DAMON,

DAMON, 'tis Time We shou'd retire:
The Man You talk with is MAT. PRIOR.

PATRON thro' Life, and from Thy Birth my Friend,
DORSET, to Thee this Fable let Me send:
With DAMON's Lightness weigh Thy solid Worth;
The Foil is known to set the Diamond forth:
Let the feign'd Tale this real Moral give,
How many DAMONS, how few DORSETS Live.

F I N I S.



DAMON, 'tis Time We shoud retire:
The Man You talk with is M^r. P^rior.

PATRON thro' Life, and from Thy Birth my Friend,
Dorset, to Thee this Fable let Me send:
With DAMON's Lightness weigh Thy solid Worth;
The Foil is known to set the Diamond forth:
Let the feign'd Tale this real Moral give,
How many DAMONS, how few DORSETS live.

F A V O R

